LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.] *Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, March 4, 1807.* [No. 9.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva.

IT is ſomewhere obſerved in the works of Monteſquieu, that ſuch powers as are founded on commerce, may exiſt for a long ſeries of years, in a humble condition, but that their grandeur is of ſhort duration. Why it happens that trade built nations are leſs permanent in their exiſtence, than thoſe which are cheriſhed by agriculture and the arts, our great philoſopher has not told us. In the plain, unimbelliſhed, and didactic manner which is peculiar to this eminent civilian, the ſimple and undiſguiſed truth is laid before us, and we are left to make our own deductions, and to trace the truth back to its latent cauſes. That all material bodies, as well as the productions of human wiſdom, are marked out for final diſſolution, is unequivocally certain. Some things are mere ephemera inſects of the preſent moment, that flutter in the ſunbeam and expire. Others riſe and flouriſh for a time; while a few ſtrong fabricks, ſtand firm and unſhaken, like the pyramids of Egypt, amidſt the ruin of ages, and ſeem to ſet at defiance all the power of time. Among the nations of the earth, thoſe which are built on commerce, have almoſt invariably dated their origin from ſmall beginnings; and have labored in their firſt exertion, under the prejudice of adverſe fortunes. Driven by the inhoſpitality of ſoil, or climate, or a deſire of gain, they extend their connections to remote regions, and are led either by chance or enterprize to ſome particular trade. This trade they monopolize; by this they flouriſh, and by the ſame means are rapidly conducted to wealth and influence. While they remain in a humble and apparently unaſpiring ſituation, they exiſt without moleſtation, as they do without notice. But as ſoon as they arrive at a conſiderable eminence of grandeur, they look down upon the world and like a light houſe, are ſeen at a diſtance, by all around them. Other nations viewing them thus exalted, are excited by a ſpirit of envy or ambition, and in the ardor of rivalſhip, ſeize upon their trade, and leave them to tumble down, by their own weight and weakneſs. Another powerful cauſe of the rapid declenſion of commercial ſtates is involved in the very circumſtance of their rapid progreſs to a ſtate of grandeur. A ſudden riſe from miſery to independence; from weakneſs to power; from meanneſs to conſequence; from poverty to wealth; naturally begets pride, indolence, and luxury.

Luxury in a certain degree promotes elegance and refinement. But when attended with eaſe and idleneſs, it becomes a haggard form, a bloated monſter, which is the ſure precurſor of deſtruction. In thoſe nations, which have agriculture and the arts to build upon, there is no danger from rivalſhip, becauſe they exiſt not by monopolies, not by chance, or ſpeculation; but by the honeſt fruits of their own honeſt toil. There is no danger from luxury, becauſe they never riſe to ſuch a ſtate of independant affluence, as to live without a continuation of their labor.

A momentary glance at the hiſtory of commerce, will evince the truth of our remarks. It will ſhow us, how nations have ſprung up in ſucceſſion, from obſcurity and indigence, and have been carried by their trade, to vaſt opulence and power. It will ſhow us, how one has been ſuperceded and bruſhed away by another, until almoſt to a ſolitary unit, they have each in their turn, fallen to inſignificance, and even to oblivion. Arabia, from the accounts that are handed down to us, by ancient record, was the firſt ſpot of earth on which trade was carried to any conſiderable extent. It was through the medium of the Arabian merchants, that Egypt and Judea were ſupplied with balm, myrrh, ſpicery, and the other valuable productions of India. It was by this traffic, that Arabia aroſe to a ſplendid greatneſs, never before known in the eaſtern world. Egypt aroſe next; with unparallelled energy ſhe extended her ſucceſsful adventures to the fartheſt Indias; and while Arabia was declining, advanced to a magnificence and pomp, that has excited the admiration even of modern ages. Phœnicia ſoon ſhared with Egypt the trade of the univerſe; and although poſſeſſing but a narrow ſlip of land along the coaſt of Aſia, quickly became miſtreſs of the ſea; and continued her dominion until overthrown by the irreſiſtible power of Alexander the great. Without regarding Judea, which during the reign of Solomon became the glory and wonder of the world; or the formidable ſtate of Carthage which ſtretched her ſails on one hand as far as Britain, and on the other hand along the whole coaſt of Africa; which increaſed, by her commerce, to an amazing height; which finally, weakened by luxury and ſloth, fell in her ſtruggle with the all conquering power of Rome.—without regarding theſe ſtates, we may pauſe for a moment, and caſt an eye at Alexandria, which next appears in the grand chain of commercial powers.—This city, which was happily ſituated for an intercourſe with almoſt every nation, had the animating proſpect, of viewing herſelf, almoſt in the dawn of her exiſtence, alone and unrivalled in the empire of the ſea. Her population, magnificent ſtructures and reſources, were immenſe; and ſhe was ſo great and ſo ſtrong, that ſhe remained the laſt to be carried away by that impetuous torrent of barbariſm, in which every veſtige of art, and ſcience, and refinement was overwhelmed and loſt. Sometime in the ſixth century a few ſtraggling people, driven by neceſſity, or conducted by inclination, ſought ſhelter in a few ſtraggling ſand banks along the ſhores of the Adriatic. As ſtrange as it may appear, from this weak and inſignificant begining, there aroſe as it were from the ocean a city, potent, ſplendid, and illuſtrious. Fiſhing-huts became pallaces, and fiſhermen, the lords of millions; and a ſpot, originally deſigned only for a temporary reſidence of lawleſs refugees, was deſervedly entitled the mart of Europe. This appellation ſhe held, until the adventurous ſpirit of Gama, led him beyond the cape, opened a paſſage to India, and thus diſſeminated among the European powers, a trade which for a long period, had been the excluſive monopoly of Venice. Holland, after contending againſt all the elements, and an unfriendly nature, advanced with wonderful ſucceſs—a ſucceſs, which has been conſiderably checked by the rivalſhip of England.

Thus have I run through in a ſhort eſſay, with a ſubject, which might be extended to a volume; and which would ſtill be called in, to beguile a vacant hour, were it altogether proper, for a literary paper, or entirely conſiſtent with the feelings of the Wandering Jew, who deſigns rather to tread in airy fields.

B.

27th Feb. 1807.

SELECTIONS.

Extracts from St. Pierre's Studies of Nature.

RELIGION will reſtore to the two ſexes, not only their moral character, but their phyſical beauty. It is not climate, it is not bodily exerciſe, nor all theſe together, which form human beauty; it is the moral ſentiment of virtue, which cannot ſubſiſt independently of religion.

In order to render children beautiful, you muſt render them phyſically, but above all, morally happy, you muſt prevent every poſſible occaſion of vexation to them, not by kindling in their breaſts dangerous and headſtrong paſſions, as in the caſe of ſpoiled children, but, on the contrary, by teaching them to curb ſuch as they have from nature, and which ſociety is ever exciting into a ſtate of fermentation; and eſpecially, by carefully guarding againſt the communicati[illegible]

ry thing unnatural, ſuch as uſeleſs or irkſome taſks, emulations, rivalſhips, and the like.

The uglineſs of a child is to be imputed, in almoſt every caſe, to his nurſe, or to his preceptor.

Perſons who have been disfigured by the corruptive impreſſion of vicious education and habits, have it in their power to reform their looks.—There are infallible means in their power of acquiring a beauty altogether irreſiſtible. It is to be internally good, gentle, and compaſſionate, ſenſible, beneficent and devout. Theſe affections of a vituous ſoul will impreſs on their features, characters altogether celeſtial, which will appear beautiful, even to the fartheſt extremity of old age.—To no purpoſe will a man attempt to decorate his countenance with the indications of good qualities, to which his *heart* is a ſtranger. This falſe beauty produces an effect ſtill more diſguſting than the moſt decided uglineſs; for, when attracted by apparent goodneſs, we actually find *diſhoneſty* and *perfidy*, we are ſeized with horror, as when we find a ſerpent lurking in a bed of flowers.—Moral beauty, then, is that after which we are bound to aſpire, that its divine irradiations may be diffuſed over our features, and over our actions.

THE DISTRESSES OF A MODEST MAN.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-ſchool; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was ſent to a country grammar-ſchool, and thence to the univerſity, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here having but ſmall allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and baſhful diſpoſition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardneſs which is the fatal cauſe of all my unhappineſs, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. I had therefore reſolved on living at the univerſity and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the poſture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of my uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long ſince dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to cloſe his brother's eyes. I am aſhamed to confeſs, what I believe has been often experienced by thoſe, whoſe education has been better than their parents', that my poor father's ignorance, and vulgar language, had often made me bluſh to think I was his ſon; and at his death I was not inconſolable for the loſs of that, which I was not unfrequently aſhamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been ſeparated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he uſed to brag would make a nabob happy; in ſhort, he had brought over with him the enormous ſum of thirty thouſand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happineſs. While he was planning ſchemes of greatneſs and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cauſe I know not, but he was ſnatched from his dreams of joy by a ſhort illneſs, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now ſir, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well-ſtored with Latin, Greek, and mathematicks, poſſeſſed of an ample fortune, but ſo awkward and unverſed in every gentleman-like accompliſhment, that I am pointed at by all who ſee me, as the wealthy learned clown.

I have lately purchaſed an eſtate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a faſhionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the ſurrounding families (eſpecially by thoſe who have marriageable daughters): from theſe gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the moſt preſſing invitations, and though I wiſhed to accept their offered friendſhip, I have repeatedly excuſed myſelf under the pretence of not being quite ſettled; for the truth is, that when I rode or walked with full intent to return their ſeveral viſits my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, reſolving to try again tomorrow.

However, I at length conquered my timidity, and three days ago accepted an invitation to dine this day with one, whoſe open, eaſy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles diſtant, is a baronet, with about two thouſand pounds a year eſtate, joining that I purchaſed; he has two ſons and five daughters all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden-ſiſter of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly-hall, dependant on their father. Conſcious of my unpoliſhed gait, I have for ſome time paſt taken private leſſons of a profeſſor who teaches grown gentlemen to dance; and though I, at firſt, found wonderous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematicks was of prodigous uſe, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjuſtment of the centre of gravity to the five poſitions.

Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to ſee the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unſupported by habitual practice. As I approached the houſe a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, leſt I had ſpoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impreſſed with this idea, I bluſhed the deepeſt crimſon, as my name was repeatedly announced by the ſeveral livery ſervants who uſhered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I ſaw; at my firſt entrance, I ſummoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly: but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third poſition, I trod upon the gouty toe of Sir Thomas, who had followed cloſe at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confuſion this occaſioned in me, is hardly to be conceived, ſince none but baſhful men can judge of my diſtreſs, and of that deſcription, the number, I believe, is very ſmall. The baronet's politeneſs by degrees diſſipated my concern; and I was aſtoniſhed to ſee how far good breeding could enable him to ſuppreſs his feelings, and to appear with perfect eaſe after ſo painful an accident.

The cheerfulneſs of her ladyſhip, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, inſenſibly led me to throw off my reſerve and ſheepiſhneſs, till, at length, I ventured to join in converſation, and even to ſtart freſh ſubjects. The library being richly furniſhed with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the ſeveral editions of the Greek claſſicks, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this ſubject I was led by obſerving an edition of Xenophen in ſixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of ſuch a thing) greatly excited my curioſity, and I roſe up to examine what it could be; Sir Thomas ſaw what I was about, and (as I ſuppoſe) willing to ſave me the trouble, roſe to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and haſtily laying my hand on the firſt volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! inſtead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like ſixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkſtand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas aſſure me there was no harm; I ſaw the ink ſtreaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and ſcarce knowing what I did, attempted to ſtop its progreſs with my cambrick handkerchief. In the height of this confuſion, we were informed that dinner was ſerved up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at firſt ſo alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and ſuite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my ſcattered ſenſes, and was deſired to take my ſeat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldeſt daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophen, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was juſt beginning to recover myſelf and feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident reinkindled all my heat and bluſhes. Having ſet my plate of ſoup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miſs Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waiſtcoat, I tumbled the whole ſcalding contents into my lap. In ſpite of an immediate ſupply of napkins to wipe the ſurface of my clothes, my black breeches were not ſtout enough to ſave me from the painful

effects of this ſudden fomentation, and for ſome minutes my legs and thighs ſeemed ſtewing in a boiling chaldron ; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had diſguiſed his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in ſilence, and ſat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidſt the ſtifled giggling of the ladies and the ſervants.

I will not relate the ſeveral blunders which I made during the firſt courſe, or the diſtreſs occaſioned by my being deſired to carve a fowl, or help to various diſhes that ſtood near me, ſpilling a ſauce-boat and knocking down a ſalt-ſeller ; rather let me haſten to the ſecond courſe, "where freſh diſaſters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich ſweet pudding on my fork, when Miſs Louiſa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pidgeon that ſtood near me : in my haſte, ſcarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal ; it was impoſſible to conceal my agony ; my eyes were ſtarting from their ſockets. At laſt, in ſpite of ſhame and reſolution, I was obliged to drop the cauſe of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compaſſionated my misfortune, and each adviſed a different application ; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was beſt for drawing out the fire ; and a glaſs of ſherry was brought me from the ſide-board, which I ſnatched up with eagerneſs : but oh ! how ſhall I tell the ſequel ? Whether the butler by accident miſtook, or purpoſely deſigned to drive me mad, he gave me the ſtrongeſt brandy, with which I filled my mouth, almoſt flayed and bliſtered ; totally unuſed to every kind of ardent ſpirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do ? I could not ſwallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the curſed liquor ſquirted through my noſe and fingers like a fountain, over all the diſhes ; and I was cruſhed by burſts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the ſervants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters : for the meaſure of my ſhame and their diverſion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable ſtate of perſpiration which this accident had cauſed, without conſidering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was ſtill wet from the conſequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with ſtreaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himſelf could not ſupport this ſhock, but joined his lady in the general laugh ; while I ſprung from the table in deſpair, ruſhed out of the houſe, and ran home in agony of confuſion and diſgrace, which the moſt poignant ſenſe of guilt could not have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am ſuffering torments like a "goblin damn'd." The lower half of me has been almoſt broiled, my tongue and mouth grill'd, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead ; yet theſe are but trifling conſiderations, the everlaſting ſhame which I muſt feel, whenever this adventure ſhall be mentioned ; perhaps by your aſſiſtance, when my neighbors know how much I feel on the occaſion, they will ſpare a baſhful man, and (as I am juſt informed my poultice is ready) I truſt you will excuſe the haſte in which I ſubſcribe myſelf yours, &c.

POPULAR TALENTS.

"A man, who is gifted with theſe lucky talents, is armed with hands, as a ſhip with grappling irons, ready to catch hold of, and make himſelf faſt to every thing he comes in contact with ; and ſuch a man, with all theſe properties of adheſion, has alſo the property, like the polypus, of a moſt miraculous and convenient indiviſibility ; cut off his hold, nay, cut him how you will, he is ſtill a polypus, whole and entire. Men of this ſort ſhall work their way out of their obſcurity like cockroaches out of the hold of a ſhip, and crawl into notice, nay even into king's palaces, as the frogs did into Pharaoh's : the happy faculty of noting times and ſeaſons, and a lucky promptitude to avail themſelves of moments with addreſs and boldneſs, are alone ſuch all ſufficient requiſites, ſuch marketable ſtores of worldly knowledge, that although the minds of thoſe, who own them, ſhall be, as to all the liberal ſciences, a *raſa tabula*, yet knowing theſe things needful to be known, let their difficulties and diſtreſſes be what they may, though the ſtorm of adverſity threatens to overwhelm them, they are in a life-boat, buoyed up by corks, and cannot ſink.—Theſe are the ſtray children, turned looſe upon the world, whom fortune in her charity takes charge of, and for whoſe guidance in the bye-ways and croſs-roads of their pilgrimage ſhe ſets up fairy finger-poſts, diſcoverable by them, whoſe eyes are near the ground, but unperceived by ſuch, whoſe looks are raiſed above it.

Life of Cumberland.

COWPER

Is the moſt popular poet in our language. His favorable reception is owing to no adventitious circumſtances, which frequently raiſe into general celebrity writers, that will never afterwards be remembered. His is the language of nature, delivered more faithfully, than were ever the reſponſes of the oracle by the prieſteſs of Delphos. "From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere," all are charmed with Cowper. Yet he indulges in no perſonal ſatire, and why does he pleaſe the cenſorious ? He deſpiſes the artifices of faſhion, and why is he the favorite of the diſſipated, and the thoughtleſs ? No one, of any mental refinement, is ſo corrupt, ſo remote from the ſimplicity of reaſon and of truth, as not to peruſe the Taſk with delight. His moral lectures are received without jealouſy, and obeyed without repugnance. Tho' only called "to dreſs a ſofa with the flowers of verſe," he has happily deviated to adorn every ſubject of general intereſt. It is a perpetual epiſode. His wit is often epigrammatic, like that of Young, without his ſeverity. The reflections, with which he concludes the deſcription of the immenſe palace of ice, built by the empreſs of Ruſſia, I have heard cited by a lady, as a fine inſtance of ſimplicity, though glowing with antitheſes.

Alas ! 'twas but a mortifying ſtroke
Of undeſign'd ſeverity, that glanc'd
(Made by a monarch) on her own eſtate,
On human grandeur and the courts of kings.
'Twas tranſient in its nature, as in ſhow
'Twas durable ; as worthleſs, as it ſeem'd
Intrinſically precious ; to the foot
Treacherous and falſe ; *it ſmil'd, and it was cold.*

Cowper's verſion of Homer will only ſerve as a beacon to warn future adventurers. It can only be read by thoſe, who, acquainted with the original, wiſh to obſerve, how, in transfuſing every thing with exactneſs from the ancients, nothing will be gained by the moderns. The effulgence of the Grecian bard, "dark with exceſſive bright," overpowered the mortal viſion of Cowper. He offers us only the inanimate ſkeleton, the bones and the muſcles of Homer, in their terrific nakedneſs, and for this we were to ſurrender the breathing image from the hands of Pope, arrayed in his appropriate robes, and glowing with the *lumen perpureum* of eternal youth. *Anthology.*

TACITUS.

"There yet remains to us," ſays Quintilian, "a man who enhances the glory of our age, and is worthy to be remembered by poſterity ; whoſe name will be dear to them, although now I do not mention it. He has many admirers, but no imitators ; for his love of liberty has injured him, though he has obliterated many things he had written. But you may diſcern his highly exalted ſpirit and his bold opinions, even in thoſe which remain. He is indeed a truly philoſophical hiſtorian."

"His Roman voice in baſe degenerate days
Spoke to imperial pride in freedom's praiſe ;
And with indignant hate, ſeverely warm,
Showed to gigantic guilt his ghaſtly form."

HAYLEY.

In an eloquent pamphlet, written in the decline of his life, Burke gallantly defends himſelf againſt the charge of political inconſtancy. The argument is irreſiſtible, and the language of one ſentence ſhall ſpeak for itſelf.

He has been charged with paſſing from extreme to extreme ; but he has always kept himſelf in a medium. This charge is not wonderful. It is in the nature of things, that they, who are in the centre of a circle, ſhould appear directly oppoſed to thoſe who view them from any part of the circumference. In that middle point, however, he will ſtill remain, though he may hear people, who themſelves *run beyond Aurora and the Ganges*, cry out, that he is at *the extremity of the Weſt.*

SELECTED POETRY.

THE LYRE.

"Ah! who would love the lyre!"
G. A. Stevens.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd
Down the green, retiring vale,
Poor, forlorn Alcæus wander'd,
Pale with thought, ſerenely pale:
Hopeleſs ſorrow, o'er his face
Breathed a melancholy grace,
And fix'd on every feature there
The mournful reſignation of deſpair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
Coldly, careleſsly he flung;
And, in ſpirit deep dejected,
Thus the penſive poet ſung;
While, at midnight's ſolemn noon,
Sweetly ſhone the cloudleſs moon,
And all the ſtars, around his head,
Benignly bright, their mildeſt influence ſhed.

"Lyre! O, Lyre! my choſen treaſure,
"Solace of my bleeding heart;
"Lyre! O, Lyre! my only pleaſure,
"We muſt ever, ever part:
"'Tis in vain thy poet ſings,
"Woos in vain thine heavenly ſtrings,
"The Muſe's wretched ſons are born
"To cold neglect, and penury, and ſcorn.

"That which Alexander ſigh'd for,
"That which Cæſar's ſoul poſſeſs'd,
"That which Heroes, Kings have died for,
"Glory!—animates my breaſt:
"Hark! the charging trumpets throats
"Pour their death-defying notes;
"To arms!" they call; to arms I fly,
"Like Wolfe to conquer—and like Wolfe to die!

"Soft!—the blood of murder'd legions
"Summons vengeance from the ſkies;
"Flaming towns, and ravag'd regions,
"All in awful judgment riſe!
—"O then, innocently brave,
"I will wreſtle with the wave;
"Lo! Commerce ſpreads the daring ſail,
"And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

"Blow ye breezes!—gently blowing,
"Waft me to that happy ſhore,
"Where, from fountains ever flowing,
"Indian realms their treaſures pour;
"Thence returning, poor in health,
"Rich in honeſty and wealth,
"O'er thee, my dear paternal ſoil!
"I'll ſtrew the golden harveſt of my toil.

"Then ſhall Miſery's ſons and daughters
"In their lowly dwellings ſing;
—"Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
"Undiſcover'd as their ſpring,
"I will ſcatter, o'er the land,
"Bleſſings with a ſecret hand;
—"For ſuch angelic taſks deſign'd,
"I give the Lyre and ſorrow to the wind."

On an oak, whoſe branches hoary
Sigh'd to every paſſing breeze,
Sigh'd, and told the ſimple ſtory
Of the patriarch of trees;
High in air his harp he hung,
Now no more to rapture ſtrung;
Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
He bluſh'd adieu, and rambled down the vale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
Hark!—the Lyre enchants the wind;
Fond Alcæus liſtens, lingers,—
Lingering, liſtening, looks behind.
Now the muſic mounts on high,
Sweetly ſwelling through the ſky;
To every tone, with tender heat,
His heart-ſtrings vibrate, and his pulſes beat.

Now the ſtrains to ſilence ſtealing,
Soft in ecſtacies expire;
Oh! with what romantic feeling
Poor Alcæus graſps the lyre!
Lo! his furious hand he flings,
In a tempeſt o'er the ſtrings;
He ſtrikes the chords ſo quick, ſo loud,
'Tis Jove that ſcatters lightning from a cloud!

"Lyre! O, Lyre! my choſen treaſure,
"Solace of my bleeding heart;
"Lyre! O, Lyre! my only pleaſure,
—"We will never, never part!
"Glory, Commerce, now in vain,
"Tempt me to the field, the main;
"The Muſe's Sons are bleſt, though born
"To cold neglect, and penury, and ſcorn.

"What, though all the world neglect me,
"Shall my haughty ſoul repine?
"And ſhall poverty deject me,
"While this hallow'd lyre is mine?
"Heaven—that o'er my helpleſs head,
"Many a wrathful vial ſhed,
—"Heaven gave this lyre!—and thus decreed,
"Be thou a *bruiſed*, but not a *broken* reed!"

The works of Anacreon Moor are greatly celebrated, and we think, not without conſiderable claim to excellence. The following beautiful portrait is taken from his tranſlation of the Grecian bard, and unlike moſt of our modern verſes, *will pay the trouble of peruſal.* [Tablet.

Thou, whoſe ſoft and roſy hues
Mimic form, and ſoul infuſe;
Beſt of painters! come portray
The lovely maid that's far away.
Far away, my ſoul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty wringlets ſtraying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;
And, if painting hath the ſkill
To make the ſpicy balm diſtil,
Let every little lock exhale
A ſigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her treſſes' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of ſnow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burniſh'd as the ivory bright.
Let her Eyebrows ſweetly riſe
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently on a creſcent gliding,
Juſt commingling, juſt dividing.
But haſt thou any ſparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuſe the azure ray,
With which Minerva's glances play,
And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes reſpire.
O'er her noſe and cheek be ſhed
Fluſhing white and mellow'd red;
Gradual tints, as when there glows
In ſnowy milk the baſhful roſe.
Then her lip, ſo rich in bliſſes!
Sweet petitioner for kiſſes!
Pouting neſt of bland perſuaſion,
Ripely ſuing Love's invaſion.
Then beneath the velvet chin,
Whoſe dimple ſhades a love within,
Mould her neck, with grace deſcending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While airy charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter on its ſnow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her limbs, but not conceal;
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
And leave the reſt to Fancy's dream.
Enough—'tis ſhe! 'tis all I ſeek;
It glows, it lives, it ſoon will ſpeak!

ON COURTSHIP.

Would you act the prudent lover,
Still maintain the manly part;
Let not downcaſt looks diſcover
All the ſorrows of your heart.

Women ſoon the truth divining,
Slily laugh, or ſharply rail,
When the ſwain in accents whining,
Tells his melancholy tale.

Nor by ſanguine hopes directed,
Uſe a victor's haughty train;
Every nymph, by pride protected,
Learns to ſcorn the forward ſwain.

Him for conqueſt, Love ſhall faſhion,
Him the Graces all attend,
Who with the moſt ardent paſſion
Joins the lover and the friend.

GLEE, BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

Not inſerted in his works, on a golden cup with embоſſed figures, dedicated to the god of mirth by the Harmonic Club.

Mirth, be thy mingled pleaſure mine—
The joys of muſick, love, and wine!
While high thy votive cup I hold,
And trace the forms that breathe in gold.

Beneath this vine, lo! Bacchus laid,
And Venus twines the ivy braid,
While each light Grace with zone unbound
Weaves the dance the bower around.

Here, with gay ſong and ſportive lyre,
Wing'd Cupid leads the Idalian choir
Where the cruſh'd grape from every vein
Dyes their feet with purple ſtain.

CHORUS.

I hear the god's ecſtatick notes,
Each ſenſe in ſweet delirium floats;
Pledge the cup, the chorus join,
And echo—muſick, love, and wine.

Published every other Wednesday.
BY M. DAVIS.
One dollar per annum—paid in advance.